

MAN IN THE MOON

Again Witnessed a Scene Which Probably Is Old as Himself.

BY GEORGE MUNSON.

"I am sorry, Miss Marston, that you have decided to sever your connection with the observatory," said Professor Blythe, rather sternly. "But at your age I can understand that the isolation of life in these parts is not wholly congenial. In fact, if I may be permitted to say so, I have often wondered that you could endure a year in such a town as Emerald. You wish to get back to the world of men—er—I beg your pardon, Miss Marston, I didn't mean it in that sense."

Despite his five and forty years the Professor fairly quailed before the young woman at the recollection of his faux pas. The Professor was as exact as the charts he drew, and some said that his heart was as dry. But any old bachelor at forty-five is apt to be that way.

"I mean, Miss Marston, that at your age one naturally desires congenial society."

"It isn't that, Professor," answered the young woman, almost as embarrassed as the savant. "I have enjoyed my time here immensely. But I have decided to go."

"And tonight," said the Professor reluctantly, "must be our last view of the heavens together, then. The legend that locates Paradise in the celestial regions is a singularly fortunate one. One loses, in contemplating the heavens, the sense of the pettiness of earth. I can imagine no greater felicity than watching the stars with a congenial companion."

Then he broke off abruptly, for the second time he had been about to make a "break."

In fact the Professor felt singularly disconcerted at the approaching resignation of his assistant. In the big Arizona observatory he had experienced great difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory assistant. Men had come and gone; but until Miss Marston answered his last advertisement from Baltimore, he had been unable to make any advance with his work at



An Instant Later She Was Gone.

all. And now she was going, too, and the great work of mapping out the two new craters which he had discovered would be greatly retarded. And he could not afford to disappoint those who were expecting his report at the next meeting of the Astronomical society.

They were seated together in the observatory a few hours later. The moon was full and the clear atmosphere made observation extremely easy. Despite this, however, the work proceeded very slowly indeed. Miss Marston seemed as preoccupied as the Professor.

"I don't know how ever I shall complete the chart without you, Miss Marston," said the Professor. "I must say that for a woman you have an extremely scientific mind. Most young women, looking at the moon, are, I am told, apt to take foolish and romantic notions. For instance, the outline of those areas which we call continents is foolishly compared with the face of a man, who is popularly considered, I understand, to watch over the sickening sentimentalities of lovers. As though the pure and exact science of astronomy could be compared with such idiotic philanderings! Do you not agree with me, Miss Marston?"

"Yes," answered Miss Marston in a low voice.

"Not that I have anything against love," Professor Blythe continued. "It is, I presume, a necessary evil. But it should be faced with equanimity and serenity, like death, not made the subject for senseless comparisons and flights of untrained fancy. Were you ever in love, Miss Marston?"

"I can see that you weren't, and

couldn't be," exclaimed Miss Marston rising suddenly and speaking with something approaching anger. "Good-night, Professor Blythe."

An instant later she was gone, leaving the Professor quite astonished at her sudden departure.

"Why," he ruminated, "Miss Marston was almost—almost feminine to night." And this started him upon a new and strange course of cogitation.

"Miss Marston has gone, Professor," said the elderly housekeeper when he descended from his observatory later that evening.

"Gone!" ejaculated the Professor in surprise.

"Gone home to Baltimore by the night train," she answered, looking at him significantly. But the Professor only murmured his surprise, and if he thought about Miss Marston subsequently he kept his reflections to himself.

But the work of mapping out the new craters proved unexpectedly dull. The young fellow who succeeded his employe was utterly incompetent and quickly vanished. The Professor bemoaned his ill luck to Mrs. Higgins.

"I'd give anything in the world to get Miss Marston back," he said. "She was the best assistant I ever had."

"Well, why don't you get her?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Get her!" ejaculated the Professor. "Why, she wanted to go home; she was tired of the work."

Mrs. Higgins smiled sourly and thrust her elderly features within a few inches of the Professor's.

"Do you know why she left?" she asked. "Because people were talking about you and her and thinking you were going to be married. No lady could stand for that."

"Bless my soul! No lady could stand for getting married!" inquired Professor Blythe.

"No, stand for talking about it when it wasn't so. There!" said the housekeeper.

The Professor went away in deep thought.

"Do you think she would come back?" he inquired the next evening. "I mean if—if—"

"Try her," responded Mrs. Higgins, grimly. So that night a letter went off to Baltimore and, ten days later, Miss Marston appeared, resplendent in a new hat and gown.

"Well, I'm ready," she announced. "I feel very guilty to have left you, Professor; that is, before we finished the craters."

They went up into the observatory together. But somehow, neither of them could work that evening. And as he sat beside Miss Marston Professor Blythe felt the strangest impulse to keep her there. His right arm, which seemed to have acquired an automatic motion independent of his control, gradually moved out until Professor Blythe found that it was encircling Miss Marston's waist.

"Do you think you could—er—marry me?" he blurted out. "You know, we must work on those craters together."

"Oh, loathe the craters!" said Miss Marston. "Alfred, dear, I think I could, only—do you really want me for myself or for the work?"

"For yourself, darling!" exclaimed the Professor with sudden rapture. "When I sit here and look at that old moon, why, he just seems to be watching us and telling us to be as happy as we can, the dear old fellow!"

And the man in the moon saw two people kissing behind the telescope. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Set New Idea in Building.
Frank K. Kimball, who provided the basic idea for modern caisson foundation construction, entered the employ of a builder at the age of fourteen, and has devoted his life to that line of work. He stopped designing and building to serve in the Civil war, but has suffered no interruption since. At one time he went to England, where he was engaged as supervising architect of Trinity college. The caisson idea came to him while erecting a building in New York. Treacherous sands were encountered, compelling him to seek a new method for excavating for the foundation. His career has been marked by originality, and he has overcome many obstacles in construction and established many precedents in method. He is a member of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

Green First.
An Irishman who was too old for active work was offered the position of crossing tender at a small railroad station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In the case of danger with a train coming, of course, you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation. A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man, dear, I'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust myself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green man handy."—Current Literature.

To the Overmodest.
Give what you have. To someone it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD
Editor



Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is plainly evident to all observers that the number of people who take an intelligent interest in house planning and house building is increasing. The popular press reveals this tendency very clearly. Illustrations of modern houses and discussions of architectural subjects are overflowing from the technical press, finding a place in the newspapers and popular magazines.

This growing interest among the people is all to the good. Architecture has suffered too long from popular ignorance and popular apathy. Generally speaking, people get the kind of architecture they like and the kind of building they are willing to accept. There is enough architectural genius and enough skilled craftsmanship in our midst today to transform every town and village into a thing of beauty and to provide every family with a beautiful and healthful home.

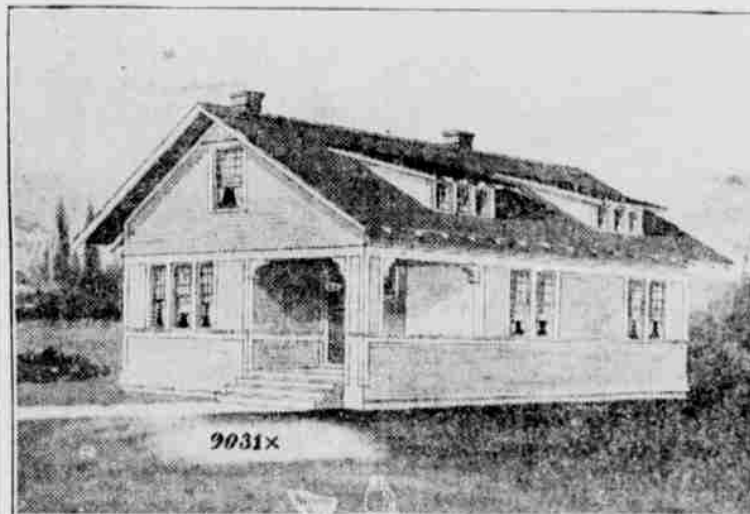
If a genius of the architect and the skill of the workman are employed, or wasted on unworthy objects, it is because the demand for this beautiful architecture has not yet become general and insistent. No doubt it is also due to the fact that some who appreciate and desire good architecture have not the means to command it.

It is an architect to design him a "picturesque" house with nooks and bay windows and overhanging eaves. It is to contain accommodations which might reasonably be supplied for \$1,000, but it is to cost not a penny more than \$2,000. That is to begin at the wrong end.

If a man's chief ambition is that all the landscape painters in the neighborhood should come and erect their easels before his house, he does well to concern himself primarily with gables and nooks; but if he holds with Bacon that "houses are built to live in and not to look on" he will do well to give more attention to the soundness of the walls and roof and the relative positions of dining room and kitchen. Let the man with \$2,000 to spend determine that he will have as much good sound building as \$2,000 will buy and there will be content. If this means being content with two sitting rooms instead of the desired three, or abandoning a projected inglenook, there is a solid consolation in the knowledge that all the material used in the house is thoroughly sound and has been put together in a workmanlike manner.

When the essential thing—good building—is secured, a man may find it possible to indulge his fancies in many matters of detail, but he should be warned against too earnestly striving after the ideal of the picturesque. Having determined on the accommodations he desires and can afford, he will be well advised to be guided in regard to the design by his architect.

The little cottage illustrated here



But the want of money is secondary. The matter of primary importance is that people should have right ideas as to what constitutes good architecture and sound building, and should insist whenever they cause buildings to be put up upon having only those which are both well designed and well built.

Good building, the first essential, and here, no doubt, is a point of danger. The popularizing of architecture is a good thing so long as the demand is for good architecture. A great uneducated public demanding



Floor Plan.

"quaint" houses and "picturesque" bungalows would get what it wants, but the result is not likely to make for real progress in architecture, or for healthy conditions in the building trade.

When the house-hunting man tucks with disgust from the "destrable villa residence" to which the house agents have directed his attention, and tried to sell to him, and determines to build himself a house according to his own and his wife's ideas, he takes a very right and proper course, but he is apt to go about it in a wrong way. He in-

It is an example of a building thoroughly constructed and arranged according to the very best ideas for convenience, yet at the same time some little thought has been given to make the building attractive in appearance without adding materially to its cost.

For \$1,500 this five-room cottage has been built using the very best methods of construction and finishing the building on the inside with oak, birch and yellow pine.

A glance at the floor plan will show the desirable features of its arrangement. The living room and dining room are of large size and open by either by means of an arch opening. The kitchen is well away from the rest of the house, being separated from the dining room by the passage, an arrangement which has been found to be very satisfactory. There are two good sized bedrooms, one well placed. The bathroom is conveniently located.

The attic space in this cottage is valuable for storage purposes and since it is well ventilated serves to keep the floor above cool during the hot summer weather. The exterior is clad with clapboards, having hand carved and corner boards used for ornamental effect. The cornice is rath- er wide and is of open timbered construction. Altogether this is an exceptionally attractive and economical little residence for the small family.

Moving Day.

Backed it, see salt will remove grease spots from the top of a stove. Baked it. Well it applied in a certain way, kerosene will not only remove the grease spots, but will remove the stove.

Paradoxical Position.

"There is one very queer thing about our system of politics." "What is that?" "When a man is running for office he has to tell what he stands for."

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals.

Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbances of the urine, it's time to help the weakened kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

An Oregon Case

John H. Matthews, 111 East First St., The Dalles, Ore., says: "My back ached so I could hardly sleep at night. The kidney secretions became profuse, costing me to drive many miles a night and the passages were very painful. My kidneys became so diseased that I thought I could not live. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, went right to the seat of the trouble and for over three years my cure has been permanent."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A lie is often more respectable than the truth.

Mrs. Minnow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, kills the germs, and makes the little one comfortable.

I know no such thing as genius; genius is nothing, but labor and diligence.—Hogarty.

AROUSES THE LIVER AND PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
The old Standard Laxative, containing only the purest and most effective ingredients, has been used for years by millions of people. It is the best and most reliable of all laxatives. A true tonic. For adults and children, 50c.

Extremes.

"I ran out with my new machine." "What happened?" "I got ran in."

State Lands Sold.

Minnesota in 1912 has sold 2,200 acres of state lands at prices ranging from five to twenty-one dollars an acre.

Progress.

"Thirty years ago," said a woman of middle age, "it was the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-gloved wrists crossed. It is now the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-stocking ankles crossed."—New York Sun.

Plenty of Fuel.

"Coal's out," announced the office boy.

"Um." "Shall I try to scrouge up some more?" "No," said the rural editor. "Spring poems will be coming in soon."

Hopeless Case.

Miss Irene Gillis, of Millville, Miss., writes: "I have a gentleman friend who has been keeping company with me all this year, but who has never indicated or intimated that he wishes to be considered other than a friend of mine. I am nineteen years old, with rosy lips, rose-pink cheeks, golden hair, azure eyes and a gentle disposition. Do you think I should hold up some matches and accidentally stand beneath it while he is around just to encourage him?"

"Irene, if a young man needs the encouragement of a mistress under the circumstances, there is no hope for him."

In Summer—

When the body needs but little food, that little should be appetizing and nourishing.

Then about the best and most convenient thing one can have handy is a package of

Post Toasties

This food is fully cooked—crisp, delicious and ready to serve direct from the package.

Post Toasties with fresh strawberries and cream are hard to beat.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.